



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

SYDNEY SMITH, writing in 1810 upon the extraordinary folly of closing to women all the ordinary means of literary education, remarked that one consequence of their exclusion was that no woman had contributed anything of lasting value to English, French, or Italian literature, and that scarcely a single woman had crept into the ranks even of the minor poets. While he was writing this, a little baby girl was beginning to prattle, who within a very short time was destined to win a place among the great poets of this century. The very great gifts of Elizabeth Barrett were discernible from her earliest childhood. Her father was Mr. Edward Moulton, of Burn Hall, Durham. His eldest child, born in 1809, was christened Elizabeth Barrett; her father afterwards exchanged the name of Moulton for that of Barrett, on inheriting some property from a relative. At eight years old little Elizabeth could read Homer in the original Greek, and was often to be seen with the "Iliad" in one hand and a doll in the other; this picture of her gives a beautiful type of her future character, its depth of loving womanliness, combined with the height of poetic inspiration and learning. She was certainly one of the women of whom her brother poet, Tennyson, sings, who "ga'n in mental

breadth nor fail in childward care." She says herself of her childhood that "she dreamed more of Agamemnon than of Moses her black pony." At about eleven years old she wrote an epic poem in four books on "The Battle of Marathon," which her father caused to be printed. Her home, during most of her childhood, was at Hope End, near Ledbury, in Herefordshire. Many pictures of her happy childhood among the beautiful hills and orchards of the West country are to be found in the poems, especially in "Hector in the Garden," and in her "Lost Bower." Much of her young life, too, is described in the earlier part of her greatest work, "Aurora Leigh." We do not hear much about the mother of the poetess, but her grandmother, it is said, looked with much disfavour on the little lady's learning, and said she would "rather hear that Elizabeth's hemming were more carefully finished than of all this Greek." Her father, however, was a worthy guardian of the wonderful child that had been entrusted to him: he fostered and encouraged her genius by all means in his power. He must have had a singular power of self-devotion and self-sacrifice; and it is probable that much of his daughter's beautiful moral nature was inherited from him. When Elizabeth was about twenty, her mother

lay in her last illness, and simultaneously money troubles, brought on by no fault of his own, fell upon Mr. Barrett. He would allow no knowledge of this to disturb his wife during her illness; and in order effectually to hide the truth from her, he made an arrangement with his creditors which very materially reduced his income for life, so that no reduction of his establishment should take place as long as his wife lived.

Two other misfortunes had an important influence on Elizabeth Barrett's youth. When she was about fifteen, she was trying to saddle her pony by herself in the paddock, when she was thrown to the ground, and her spine was injured in a manner that kept her lying on her back for four years. Scarcely had she recovered from this injury, when another terrible calamity nearly overwhelmed her. She had been sent to Torquay for the benefit of her health, and had been there nearly a year, when her eldest brother came to visit her, in order to consult her about some trouble of his own. With two other young men, all good sailors, he took a little boat, intending to have a sail along the coast. Within a few minutes of starting, and almost under his sister's window, the boat went down, and young Barrett and his companions were drowned. The grief and horror caused by this terrible event nearly killed her. It was almost a year before she could be moved by slow stages of twenty miles a day to London. Those who knew her best at that time believe that she would have died if she had not been sustained by her love of literary pursuits, which afforded some relief to her mind from the constant dwelling on the tragedy of which she accused herself of being the cause. Miss Mitford says in her "Literary Recollections": "The house she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea; and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrance of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight." She, however, appeared to be condemned to a life of perpetual invalidism. She now lived in London with her father, and was confined to one large darkened room, and saw no one but her own family, and a few intimate friends, the chief of whom were Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, and Mr. John Kenyon. The impression she produced on all who came into contact with her was that she was the most charming and delightful person they had ever met. Her sweetness, her purity, and the tender womanliness of her character, made her friends forget her learning and her genius. Miss Mitford says she often travelled five-and-forty miles expressly to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house. The seclusion in which she lived was perhaps not unfavourable to literary work. She lay on her couch, not only, as Miss Mitford says, reading every book worth reading in almost every language, but "giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." In 1835 she published "Prometheus and other Poems," which, in the opinion of the most competent judges, raised her at once to a high rank among English poets. In 1843 she wrote "The Cry of the Children," to which Lord Shaftesbury owed so much in his efforts to protect factory children from being ground to

death by overwork; and later she wrote the noble "Song for the Ragged Schools of London," whose words go straight to every mother's heart.

During her long period of illness her chief link with the outside world was her cousin, Mr. John Kenyon, to whom "Aurora Leigh" is dedicated. He knew all who were best worth knowing in the great world of London, and he occasionally introduced to her one and another of those whom he believed to be most capable of appreciating her and pleasing her. In this way, in 1846, he brought Mr. Robert Browning to see Miss Barrett. In the autumn of that same year the poet and poetess were married. What his love was for her and hers for him may be gathered in the lovely poem, "Caterina to Camoens," and in the forty-three "Sonnets from the Portuguese" which Mrs. Browning wrote before her marriage. Almost directly after her marriage, Mrs. Browning was ordered abroad for the benefit of her health, and the chief part of the remaining fifteen years of her life was spent in Italy. She identified herself completely with those who were struggling for the unity and independence of Italy, and much of her poetry from this time onwards is coloured by her political convictions. In Florence, in 1849, her only child, Robert Browning the younger, was born. The deep joy of motherhood suffuses much of the noblest part of "Aurora Leigh." One is tempted to believe that the lovely description of Marian Erle, bending over her sleeping child,

"The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,"

could have been written by no one who had not felt a mother's love. In any case, it adds to one's pleasure in reading it to know that the poetess was drawing her inspiration from her own excessive happiness in the bliss of motherhood.

Many have singled out Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," as her chief work. Mrs. Ritchie, in a very interesting article in the "National Dictionary of Biography," says of them, "There is a quality in them which is beyond words: an echo from afar, which belongs to the highest human expression of feeling." Many other of the best judges have said they are among the greatest sonnets in the English language. But the work for which the world is most deeply in her debt is "Aurora Leigh." It probes to the bottom, but with a hand guided by purity and justice, those social problems which lie at the root of what are known as women's questions. Her intense feeling that the honour of manhood can never be reached while the honour of womanhood is sullied; her no less profound conviction that people can never be raised to a higher level by mere material prosperity, make this book one of the most precious in our language. She herself speaks of it in the dedication as "The most mature of my works, and the one with which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered." If she had written nothing else, she would stand out as one of the epoch-making poets of the present century.

Mr. Browning has published some interesting information as to the manner in which he and his wife worked. They were very careful not to influence each other's compositions unduly. Their styles in writing are entirely unlike. They abstained from reading each other's poems while they were in process of composition. Mrs. Browning always kept a low writing-table, with inkstand and pen upon it, by her side. Mr. Browning wrote: "My wife used to write it ('Aurora Leigh') and lay it down to hear our child spell, or when a visitor came in it was thrust under the cushions. At Paris, a year ago last March, she gave me the first six books to

read, I never having seen a line before. She then wrote the rest and transcribed them in London, where I read them also. I wish, in one sense, that I had written and she had read it." No one but a poet could have expressed so perfectly the great pleasure the reading gave him. There is an anecdote that when the Brownings left Florence for London, in 1856, the box containing the MS. of "*Aurora Leigh*" was lost at Marseilles. It also contained the velvet suits and lace collars of the little boy; and it is said that Mrs. Browning was far more distressed at losing the latter than the former. However, both were fortunately recovered, for the box containing them was found by Mrs. Browning's brother in one of the dark recesses of the Marseilles Custom House.

As evidence of her position in the literary world, it may be mentioned that when Wordsworth died in 1850 the *Athenæum* strongly urged that Mrs. Browning ought to be made Poet Laureate.

Her sympathy with Italy was so strong that it is believed that the news of the death of Cavour, through whom in so large a measure the unity of Italy was achieved, hastened her own. She was very ill when the news reached her, and she died in Florence on June 30th, 1861. The municipality of Florence placed a tablet upon her house expressing their gratitude and admiration for her, and saying that in her womanly heart she had reconciled the wisdom of the learned with the enthusiasm of the poet, and with her verses had made a golden ring uniting Italy with England.

"UNDER SUSPICION"; OR, THE RETURN OF THE "*HAROLD*."

BY M. M. POLLARD.

CHAPTER I.



ROUGH weather in the chops of the Channel to greet H.M.S. *Harold* on her homeward way! The wind was blowing strong, with sweeping squalls of hail and rain, whilst ragged-looking clouds were driven wildly across the sky, as though to proclaim the storm had not altogether spent its forces and fallen away to calm. To the discomfort of wind and rain frequent showers of icy-cold spray were added, that dashed over the decks of the ship, giving those unfortunate sailors, whose duty lay in that direction, a thorough good drenching. Homeward-bound ships are supposed to have "hearts in homeward-bound mood" on board; the men who have so long been absent in foreign lands are generally looking forward with glad thoughts and quickened pulses to a speedy meeting with the friends they have loved and left.

But, alas! there were exceptions to this rule on board the *Harold*. As the gloomy daybreak dispelled the shades of night, and feebly made visible the interior of a small cabin on the port side, a man might have been seen there listlessly seated on a low stool near a table. He was doing nothing, absolutely nothing, but thinking, and he had been seated there, at the same occupation, ever since the sun went down in clouds and storm the night before.

"Homeward-bound!" What a mockery the word seemed to him. And yet, ever since he left England three years ago, he had, until very lately, pictured that return as something so blissful, something so delightful, that his heart grew light at the thought. Now, all had ended in miserable disappointment and despair!

Had one caught a glimpse of Ralph Douglas one might have been puzzled, to guess from the expression of his countenance, whether he was an object of blame or of pity. There was a sullenness, a gloominess, a moroseness almost in his mood that was reflected badly on his well-formed features; there was a fierce fire in his dark brown eyes that reminded one of an animal driven to bay, and ready to spring

on his adversaries. Ralph had a handsome, sunburnt face, dark hair and eyes, and an incipient bit of moustache lay across his upper lip that showed him to be not much more than a boy in years, though in the bitterness of his heart he had all a man's depth of feeling.

One had not far to look for the explanation of his misery. Ralph Douglas was a prisoner in his cabin; his very desk and boxes were locked up from him; and his imputed crime was, in official language, "defalcation of public money"; in more homely phrase, that of stealing three hundred pounds that had been left in his charge.

In the old Book we read of the grand duty of forgiveness of injuries: "If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also"; "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

But poor Ralph had not yet reached to the height of these Christian virtues; he was accused of a sin, and had taken the accusation so bitterly to heart that the whole world seemed to have turned hard and cruel, and he could not yet look beyond the clouds and see the bright, Christlike example was one he also might follow.

But we must go back a little in our story, and give some slight detail about the *Harold*, and relate a few of the events that led up to Ralph's accusation.

The *Harold* was a composite gun-boat; had been at a station on the coast of Africa for three years, and was now returning to England. The first part of her commission had been singularly happy as regards sociability and kind feeling amongst the officers—good, hearty, seamanlike behaviour amongst the crew. During the last six months, however, nothing but misfortunes had happened in the ship—everything had seemed to go wrong. There was less geniality at the officers' mess-table, and even "Jack, abaft the mast," became anything but the care-for-naught, light-hearted individual he is generally represented to be.

Captain Sparks—who had sailed from England in the *Harold* when she was commissioned, who had shared her fortunes, and gone through all the vicissitudes, all the monotony of the trying African station for two years and a half—had been smitten down with fever, and the attack had left him so prostrated that he was ordered home at once.



"Great seas tumbling over her deck."

After this another chief reigned in the *Harold*. Captain Julius Grey was appointed to her, a rigid autocrat, who carried quarter-deck discipline into every act and circumstance of his life. New rules were introduced into the ship, vexatious orders given, the old genial confidence between officers and men was banished, suspicion was rife within the "wooden walls," until each man doubted the other. Strange to say, the new method either bred offence, or offence was more rigidly sought out, for ere long many instances of misconduct amongst the crew cropped to the surface, and were at once detected, and due punishment given.

Perhaps the men grew desperate, perhaps they missed the rule of their late generous, kind, true, yet strong chief, and were inclined to revolt against tyranny. Two of the sailors ran off from the ship while she was on the coast, and the strangest circumstance of all happened whilst the *Harold* lay in Malta Harbour.

Ralph Douglas—who was assistant-paymaster in charge, had a servant called Tom Cleeves, a reckless, lively sort of fellow, who, though full of mischief, seemed devoted to his master, and was a capital sailor.

He vanished in a mysterious manner—disappeared in the night when the sea was clear as glass, when the rays of a full moon were turning to silver the grey, fortress-like towers of St. Angelo and St. Elma, and when the harbour was full of ships and craft of all sorts and sizes.

No one saw when Tom went away, nor how he went. Captain Julius Grey had a vigorous search made all over the island for the missing man, and oftentimes his comrades looked down through the clear waters, vainly expecting to

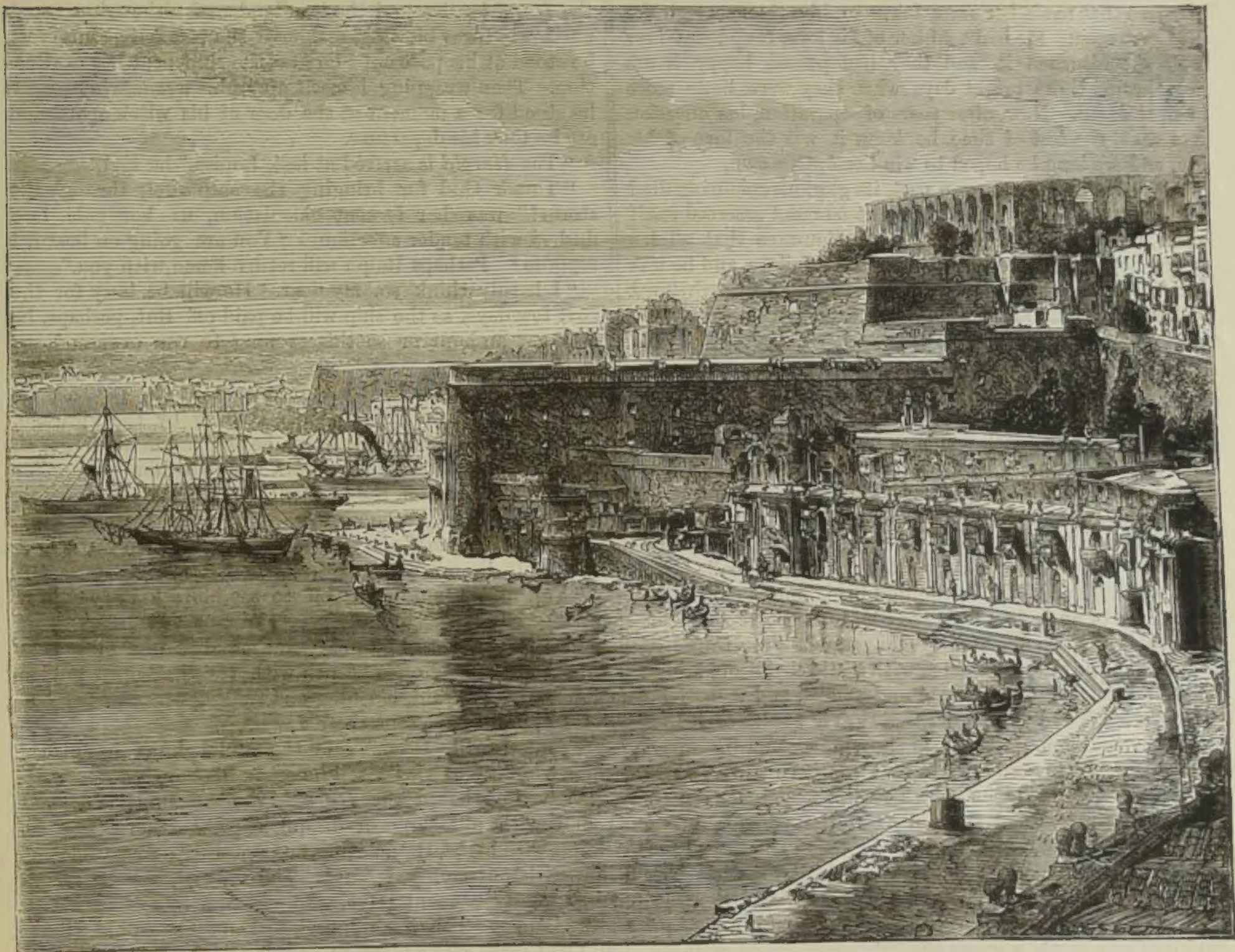
see his lifeless corpse below, but at length all hope of finding him was given up; the ship sailed on her way with the mystery unsolved.

Then, like a thunder-clap spread the tidings through the *Harold* that Ralph Douglas, the assistant-paymaster, had been found guilty of peculation, that he was a prisoner in his cabin, and that when the ship reached England he would be tried by court-martial.

Universal was the dismay and regret. Ralph was a great favourite on board—his merry dark eyes, his pleasant smile, his cheery voice, won him friends everywhere. A bright, honourable, sensible young fellow he was considered—not, perhaps, over clever in book-learning; not, perhaps, over methodical in his habits, but still one who was likely to get on well and creditably in his profession. Not a great hero was Ralph supposed to be, even amongst his admirers, but they called him a manly, straight-forward, good-hearted fellow, about whom nobody thought or spoke ill.

With three of the crew gone, with the assistant-paymaster in bonds, one might have imagined the *Harold* had experienced misadventures enough for one voyage. But no; on her homeward way a breeze had sprung up, light and pleasant enough at first, yet ere long increasing to a gale, and then, for two days and two nights the unfortunate ship was doomed to experience rougher weather than the oldest hand on board ever recollected.

On the night before we first catch a glimpse of Ralph Douglas the gale had been at its worst. He, helpless, and confined in his cabin, felt very much like a "rat" may be supposed to feel when it expects to be drowned in its hole.



VALETTA, MALTA.

The wind roared through the rigging like the racket of artillery; the boiling sea dashed against the ship, threatening to bury her in a mass of black, swelling waters. Now high upon the crest of a billow, now down in a vault of darkness, now with great seas tumbling over her deck, crashing and sweeping away everything before them, and now a noise of wind and sea that seemed almost deafening. One minute there was a howling and shrieking, as though a thousand doomed spirits were let loose in the tempest, now there was a crashing and thumping as though every timber of the barque must be shattered to atoms, and then came a solemn thud that might make one think that all hope must be over.

Ralph Douglas listened to all these sounds that seemed to thunder in his brain—every nerve was on the stretch, the tension was almost more than he could bear, and he repeated to himself, with a shiver—

"If the old craft goes down, I wonder whether they will leave me here, 'caged, confined, and confined,' to be suffocated in my den?"

Just then there was a louder noise than usual, a quick scrambling of feet, a tumult of voices; then there seemed a lull. The ship was a degree steadier in its course, and the fierce anger of the wind had sunk to a whistling and a whining, as though it was gathering up fresh forces to burst

forth with new vigour; but the worst of the storm was over.

At last the white cliffs of old England were sighted in the distance, "white cliffs" in earnest this time, for a heavy snowstorm had been raging for several days, and the hills and level lands were covered with a garment of icy purity.

"We shall eat our Christmas dinner in England after all," said one sailor to another as they stood in the bows of the ship and watched the shore growing more and more distinct; and Ralph Douglas in his prison cabin also thought of the coming Christmas day, and remembered a letter he had received from his father only the morning before the *Harold* left Malta. He wrote, "So you are coming home, my boy, and, please God, if all goes well, we shall spend our happy Christmas day together under the roof of the old 'Bungalow.' Your mother is looking forward with a glad heart to seeing you back; it seems the one bright spot in her life of suffering. Mr. Holt and Dora have promised to dine with us, so we shall be quite a large party."

Ralph could recall every word of that letter, they sounded with a true ring in his memory, he knew his dear old father and mother would have rejoiced to see him, and Dora Holt—the best and sweetest girl in the world—would she not have been glad to see him also? How often he had thought and dreamt of Dora since he left England! how well he remembered her soft, brown eyes, the pleasant smile that parted

her lips as she looked up at him—the fresh young beauty of her face that made her seem fairer to him than any girl he had ever seen. He had told her of his love, found out how well she returned it, and they had passed happy hours together in those bright days when they were little more than children. Now, after years of separation, his affection had stood the test of time, he knew it was the love of his life, and ere long he hoped to win her for his own.

Alas! his dream was soon past, its glorious colouring died out, the stern reality of the present moment asserted itself again, he roused himself to the consciousness that all his bright hopes were over, his life become a failure, and he was once more the hunted down, disappointed man, overwhelmed by a fate he could neither elude nor avert.

CHAPTER II.

RALPH DOUGLAS, the prisoner, was an only son. His father, a retired colonel, was once in the Indian service, and had returned home to his native place with a moderate competence. He hoped to end his days there in peaceful seclusion, far away from the great world's stir and worry. Near the old village of Uplands, on rising ground, he had built a long, low house of one storey high, that he called the "Bungalow," and that he delighted in making as much after the fashion of an Indian house as could well be done in the changeable English climate. Wide verandahs ran round it, that in summer time were fitted with rustic chairs and tables, where the Colonel used to read and smoke, and sometimes entertain his friends. There was always a wealth of bright flowers in the sloping garden in the summer months—even sub-tropical plants grew well in that southern aspect—and never were such roses seen anywhere in the neighbourhood as those that wreathed the pillars of the verandahs and tossed their perfume on the soft breeze. The interior of the house was something in the Indian style also. The floors of the reception rooms were covered with light matting and rich rugs; the furniture was of eastern fashion, groups of rare curios were on the handsome, inlaid cabinets, curtains of striped silk, handsome fans, embroidered table-covers, gems of pictures, and fine old china served to embellish a home that was at once picturesque, artistic, and uncommon. Here the Colonel dispensed his hospitality in a generous, old-fashioned, dignified manner. He was a grave, fine-looking man, whose motto might have been, nay, was, "Sans peur et sans reproche."

Mrs. Douglas had been an invalid for some years, with frequent intervals of pain, when she would banish herself to the retirement of her room until the attacks were over. Her husband and son idolised her; it was the rule of their lives to avoid doing anything that might grieve one so delicate, so sensitive, and thereby bring on one of her severe illnesses, when life and death, for the time, hung in the balance. Once she had been beautiful, and now, in her refined face, there was already something of the light of heaven.

Of course Ralph, the only son, was the chief object before the minds of both father and mother, and when, with all a boy's ardour, he made choice of a profession that would separate him from them, perhaps for years, they acquiesced, and furthered his plans, rather than disappoint their boy.

And now he had returned from a voyage, and would soon get his promotion, his friends had hoped and believed.

Colonel Douglas, with his long spy-glass in his hand, had

stood on the verandah for an hour that morning watching the *Harold* sail round the headland, and although a rough north wind was blowing, and snow showers fell at intervals, he stood at his post until he saw the ship near her destination. Then wrapping himself up in his warm winter coat, he stood for a moment at the door of his wife's apartment ere he took his departure.

"The *Harold* is arrived at last, Louisa," he said.

"Thank God for bringing the ship safely through the storm!" was her fervent ejaculation, as her pale face flushed with tender affection. "You are going on board, I suppose? Perhaps Ralph will return home with you."

"I hardly think so, my dear. He will be busy for the next few days, as the ship will be paid off. But, perhaps, he may get an hour or so this evening to run over and see you."

Colonel Douglas had yet another visit to pay, ere he finally set out on his mission. Passing by the vicarage, where the Rev. John Holt lived, he stepped in at the gates, and walked up the avenue. Dora Holt saw him coming, for she also had been on the look-out, standing at the window with a field-glass, watching the arrival of the *Harold*.

"Ralph is come!" she exclaimed, with a gleam of delight in her soft, brown eyes.

"Yes, and I am going off to see him; have you any message?"

There was a pot of late chrysanthemums on a table near her; Dora picked off a branch with two half-open golden buds on it, and said, blushing and smiling—

"Tell him I have sent these flowers."

"That I will, Dora," said the Colonel, as he placed them carefully as a "button hole" in his rough outer coat.

Arrived on board the *Harold*, Colonel Douglas looked round with a feeling of disappointment—there was no Ralph, with his hearty greeting, no Captain Sparks to welcome him with outstretched hand. The only person he recognised was Lieutenant Davy, who met him in a constrained, stiff manner. This was unusual, as Davy was an old friend, and had spent many pleasant days under the hospitable roof of the "Bungalow."

"Captain Grey is engaged now with some friends, shall I send word you wish to see him?"

"I came to see my son, where is Ralph?"

Lieutenant Davy's cheeks blanched, as he replied gravely—"Have you not heard, Colonel Douglas?"

"Heard what? Is Ralph ill? tell me the worst at once."

"He is well in health, but he is in trouble. Why must I be the one to tell you the miserable tidings?" he burst out, with a true impetuous ring of sorrow in his voice.

The story did not take long in telling, and when, some time afterwards, the Colonel had heard all, and by dint of great favour had obtained permission for an interview with Ralph, one might have supposed a decade of years had passed over him, so old, so bowed down did he seem. His family motto "Sans peur et sans reproche," was like derision in his thoughts, for was not his only son a prisoner, accused of theft?

Ralph started up when his father entered the cabin. For one moment, in the natural joy of meeting, all was forgotten, except that father and son once more stood face to face. Then as recollection returned they fell away from each other, Ralph sinking on his seat, the Colonel standing and looking down at him. Meanwhile, the measured tread of the sentry was heard pacing to and fro outside the door.

"Ralph! what is this I hear of you?"

"Have you been told the accusation against me?"

"Yes; and I would give up all I possess on earth to set you straight in the eyes of God and in the eyes of men again."

"Father! surely you do not believe me guilty?"

There was a cry of horror, almost of despair, in his tones.

The Colonel seated himself opposite his son, gazed steadily for a moment into his clear, anguished-looking eyes, then, with a hand that trembled, slowly unfastened two golden-hued flower-buds from the breast of his rough outer coat.

"Dora Holt sends you these as a love token, Ralph, and I would sooner fling them into the sea yonder, than give them to you if I thought you guilty. Take them, my boy."

Ralph caught the flowers eagerly in his hand, breathed in the subtle, bitter-sweet perfume—apt emblem of mingled sighs and smiles—and for the first time since the imputation of guilt had fallen on him, his eyes grew dim with tears. After this his father and he talked of business matters connected with his coming trial until the interview ended.

Ere long Ralph Douglas' sentence was published by the newspapers through the length and breadth of the country, and people in Uplands read with awe how the Colonel's son was to be sent to prison for two years, how he was dismissed from the Navy, and had forfeited all claim on the service.

Mrs. Douglas sent for Dora when she heard the news, and in her pretty boudoir that overlooked the sea, and from the windows of which the *Harold* was still visible swinging at her anchor, the two women wept and prayed for Ralph, and talked about him with sweet and sacred memories.

"The law is unjust and cruel; we *know* he is not guilty," Dora would exclaim in her girlish impetuosity, "and the truth must and will come out some day!"

"God grant the truth may yet be discovered, and that I may be spared to see it; but we must not rebel, although our hearts are well-nigh broken," Ralph's mother would reply, with the resigned, subdued manner habitual to her.

The return of the *Harold* had in more ways than one brought trouble to the inhabitants of Upland village. For Ralph's servant, Tom Cleaves, the man who had so strangely disappeared—was a native of the place, and his sister, who had married a bad, worthless man, and who had a large family, was loud in her woe at losing the small sums of money her brother used sometimes to send her.

Time passed on, bringing the usual changes from winter's gloom to spring's promise, from summer's flowers to autumn's fruits, and still Ralph was away in the lonely solitude of his prison. Still his friends mourned for him with bitter grief. Dora often drove with her father in his pastoral visits to the distant parts of his parish, and one gloomy day in November they went together to Greywold, a remote outlying hamlet. Mr. Holt wished to call on an old man who was very ill, so he gave Dora the reins, and asked her to drive about until his return.

She went a short distance towards the woods, and when her father returned he found her pale, trembling, and evidently much alarmed.

"Papa, I have had such a shock; I have seen a ghost!"

"Nonsense, Dora! you don't mean that."

"But I do. I have seen Tom Cleaves, Ralph's servant."

"Impossible! some one like him perhaps."

"No, but the man himself, either in the flesh or spirit, and he knew me, for when I spoke to him he seemed nearly as much frightened as I was, and dashed into the wood yonder."

As they went home Dora could not drive the circumstance from her thoughts; she repeated more than once,

"I believe there was guilt in that man's face, and I feel convinced he had something to do in that affair of the money taken from Ralph's desk."

Mr. Holt grew impressed at last. He went the next morning to the cottage at Greywold, where Tom's sister lived, but was met by the woman's firm denial that her brother had been there.

"Tom were drowned at Malta, sir," she insisted.

Therefore it was a surprise to Mr. Holt when, some days afterwards, he was called to the bedside of a dying man in the woman's cottage, and found the dying man was Tom himself, stricken down by the falling of a wall he had been undermining for poaching purposes.

"God's judgments are abroad, sir," he gasped, "and my sin has found me out. Never have I had an hour's peace of mind since the day I found my master's keys lying about, and was tempted to open his desk, and steal the three hundred pounds, for which poor Mr. Ralph has been sent to prison."

Depositions were taken in due form from the dying man's lips, and the whole mystery was cleared up.

When he had the money safe in his possession he swam from the *Harold* to a fruit-ship lying near, and of which he knew the master. He hid himself on board for some time, then went off to New York, where the whole of the money was soon squandered away, and he had returned to Greywold without a sixpence in his pocket. For awhile he had hidden himself in his sister's house, and had lived by trapping game, but, as he said, his "sin had found him out, and he wished to do justice before he died."

When another Christmas Day came Ralph was at home, for his case had been taken up, investigated, and his innocence proved, he was reinstated in his former position, his arrears made up, and he went forth from bondage without a slur on his name. His long seclusion had not been without its effect on his character; it had toned down his once fierce animosity against the world, against his fate, against the powers that be. His mother's prayers for him had not been in vain, for God's grace had sought and found him, and his life from that time took a higher tone.

Dora and Ralph were married in the autumn of the next year, when the chrysanthemum beds were in full bloom, and it was by Ralph's wish she bore some golden buds nestling amidst the white flowers in her bridal bouquet.

WOMEN RULING A CITY.—I have just returned from a trip to Syracuse, sixteen miles from the Colorado line, where, April 4, they elected a city council of women, and I was bent upon seeing the town that had made this innovation, and the women who were filling the council chairs. A short acquaintance with these women convinced me that sitting in council chairs and wrestling with questions of city polity have had no effect to unsex them—whatever that may be—for these were as womanly women as I have ever seen. I looked in vain for masculine tendencies. There was not a hint of it in dress or manner. Meeting them on the street or in the cars, you would never guess that they were city officials. From conversations with them I learned that they were exceedingly anxious to make their administration a just one—one that would advance the best interests of the city; moral as well as temporal. It is said of them that they are doing better work than the body of men who composed the previous Council.—*The Woman's Journal*.



ONE WINTER'S NIGHT.

A SKETCH.

BY ANNIE GRAY.

THEY were very happy !

They had been married two short months ; and the honeymoon, and the coming home, and the settling in a pretty villa in the suburbs of this great sea-port town, had all been one long gala day. It hardly seemed to have come to an end even yet. There were still fresh invitations to be accepted. And last, but not least, in the near future—the very near future, so Harold had gaily informed his little bride—there were those two or three “evenings” of their

own which they must give, and give satisfactorily, too, to the numerous friends who had so honoured and fêted them.

They were discussing this last important matter just now. Dinner was over. The bright-eyed waitress, who thought her new place “lovely,” and her young master and mistress such a pair as you did not often meet with, had withdrawn. Harold had left his seat at the head of the table, and come round to his wife, as was his usual custom ; and over nuts and oranges they were talking busily. For even to these

two of abundant means a first party was somewhat of an undertaking; and one was as eager as the other to make it a genuine success.

And she—that lonely figure outside—oh, how miserable she was!

Standing there in the cold, cold snow, leaning against the railings, watching their shadows on the white blind, and thinking—ah, what? Of a love she had hungered for, but never known. Of a home, and brightness, and joy, and rest; of beauty, and peace, and gladness, which she had dreamed of sometimes, but which had never, no, never, come to satisfy her longing, yearning, lonely heart.

Yet it was a heart that could love, that breaking heart out in the cold of this bitter January night. A heart that could melt and thaw under the influence of only a look or a word of kindness. It was under such influence that she had impulsively followed them home this evening, and seen where they lived, these two happy, happy young people who had, all unconsciously to themselves, so moved her. She had followed them, at a long distance, ever since that beautiful girl in her costly furs had murmured "Poor thing!" as her eyes caught the forlorn-looking figure on a doorstep, holding out her oranges so pitifully, and had whispered something to her husband, and he had carelessly drawn a silver coin out of his pocket and tossed it to her. And now, hours later, she was back again, standing beneath their window.

Her bare feet ached with the intense cold, and she shivered painfully as she clung to the railings. Again and again a hollow cough shook her slight frame; but still she stood, fascinated, watching every movement as it was reflected on the window, with an eager interest of which she was herself hardly aware.

"Eh, but they're happy!" she said, with almost a moan. "He loves her. They have all—all. I have nothing. Oh, that I could die."

"Yes, she's his very own! See how close together they're sitting! Oh, Jack, my Jack! I loved you, though you didn't love me; but you were all I had in the wide, wide world. And they've taken you from me! They've shut you up in that black, awful cell. Oh, if only I could die! I long to die!"

Coming along this bitter night was such a happy little woman; heart and mind full of the tiny Gospel meeting she had been holding higher up the road. Only a plain, ordinary-looking lady, not beautiful at all, and very "peculiar," thought and said the little world around her. But she was one of the dear Lord's "sent" ones—one of those loving souls walking in the very light of His presence, and drinking deep of His Spirit of love and compassion. Ay, drinking so deep, that everywhere and always, like her Master, she was about her Father's business.

"Harold and Minnie enjoying themselves!" said this little lady, with a merry twinkle in her kind eyes, looking up familiarly at the window.

"What can they be discuss——" She stopped abruptly. She had all but run up against that motionless girl-figure by the railings.

One glance into the passion-filled, yearning face, and her woman's heart understood it all.

"My child!" A gentle hand was laid upon her arm. "My poor child!"

Would she turn away? Would she reject the compassion proffered with such silent eloquence? Would she?

Ah, no! United with Him who was "anointed to heal

the broken-hearted," "set apart" to serve, the Master's power had gone forth through that loving touch, that pitying gaze.

The poor desolate waif caught convulsively at the hands outstretched to her.

"They are so happy, so happy!" she moaned. "They have got what I am so hungry for! But I am dying. Look at me! They say I am in consumption. Who cares? I have no one to love me, no one to care for me. I had my Jack to care for, but they have taken him to prison; and now I have no one. See, I am dying. Look!"

She turned up her ragged sleeve. The emaciation of the poor shrunken arm made the other shiver.

"Yes, dying! And I'm glad; for I want to die. But, oh"—and the passionate voice sank to a whisper—"I'm so afraid! What will become of me when I lie down, and the breath all goes away from me? Can't you help me? oh, can't you? I never had any money to buy it with, you know; and I don't know how to get into that pathway of penance, like Father Cullman told mother she must get into, when she was dying. Oh, help me! help me! I'm so afraid!"

One swift glance upwards; then, led by the guiding hand of One who never errs, the lady involuntarily moved towards the pretty snow-draped portico of the house by which they stood, drawing the girl with her. She came unresistingly. The bell was quietly rung; and then they two stood together in perfect silence.

"Will you tell your master and mistress I am here, Mary?" was the lady's gentle order when the door was opened. "Ask them, please, to come and speak to me a moment."

She was a very dearly-loved member of the family, this bright little lady. Made fun of, chaffed, teased, even persecuted sometimes; nevertheless, deep down in the secret hearts of all, she was both loved and respected. So it came to pass that her message was not unheeded. On receiving it, the young couple rose, and, curiously enough, laughingly too, betook themselves to the front door.

"Cousin Maggie! What in the wide world——"

"Harold—Minnie—look at her! I found her rivetted beneath your window, watching your shadows on the blind. You were seated together, and she saw you. She is heart-broken, lonely, loveless. She is starving, too, and dying of consumption. Your happiness has fascinated her—she knows none herself!"

"Why, Harold, it's the orange girl! Don't you remember her?" cried the young wife, as her cousin's eager voice ceased. "Oh, the poor, poor creature! Let us give her something to eat. The dinner can't be cold yet."

He looked at her—his peerless bride. How lovely she was in her glistening dress and beautiful ornaments, the brilliant gas-lamp shining full upon her.

Then he turned and looked at this other girl standing there so dejectedly in the moonlight. How sad her eyes were! how worn her features! how tattered her garments! As he looked, something rose to his heart; a strange, new feeling he had never known before.

"Cousin Maggie," said he—and the huskiness in his manly voice made Minnie cling closer to his arm—"what can we do for her? This is terrible."

"Just something to eat, for to-night. I will see her safely housed. And then, to-morrow, we will try and practically befriend her."

"Are there many such, Cousin Maggie?" whispered Minnie that night, when an hour or two later the little

lady stole back on her way home to report that the poor girl was safe now, and in kind hands. "Are there many such?"

"Many! Ah me, they may be counted by the hundred, God help them! And so few, so sadly few, to care for them. But good-night, children; I cannot tell you how happy you have made your old cousin this night."

But that was not the end of it all.

Almost before the memory of the Christmas festivities had passed away, there stole into the hearts of that young couple in the pretty villa the sweet peace of the Saviour. The first piece of work which He entrusted to them was the befriending and helping of the desolate girl who, they gratefully acknowledged, had indeed been to them as the "angel unawares," the "King's messenger"; whose feeble hand had, all unconsciously to herself, led them "from darkness to light."

It was a sad history which came to their ears, when, with their cousin's help, they searched into the cause of the girl's loneliness and misery. Just the old story of drunken parents, and the hardships and misery consequent thereupon—old enough to Cousin Maggie, but painfully new to them. They did all that could be done for her. But consumption had, as she told the lady that night, laid hold upon her; and it was a dying pillow they were alone able to soothe and comfort. But, oh, how bright and how radiant grew the wasted face upon it! And how true was the ring of a great gladness in her weak voice as again and again she poured forth her deep gratitude for loneliness turned into never-ending "fellowship," and lovelessness into love!

Then Harold and Minnie went forth to seek out other wandering ones. And, finding many and many another as sad and miserable as she, they began to look about for some practical way of helping them. Nor did they look in vain. Following the guiding of Him who directs His own work in truth, it seemed but a short time before a cozy room at the top of a large warehouse was hired, and a bright and attractive meeting-place made of it, where, under the supervision of others interested likewise in the work, girls like this poor Jane Green could come and spend their evening hours. Not long, too, before, under the earnest "lifting up" of the Saviour, some of those wilful and erring hearts were drawn to Him, and left the darkness and the sadness of the old life to don the robes of His righteousness, and begin a new life in Him.

And Jack—poor Jack in prison—was not overlooked. Before Jane passed to that Home whose light seemed, even down here, imprinted on her restful features, Jack's term of imprisonment was up; and, gently and lovingly, he was laid hold of by Harold.

They met—the two who had spent much of distress and misery together. Met, to say farewell; but, on her part, with the firm belief that it was not farewell for ever.

"Jack," she whispered—and the tears stood in the rough fellow's eyes as he listened—"I lie here hours, hearin' His dear voice telling me again and again, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' I've asked Him for your soul to be saved, Jack; and so I'm going away with Jesus now, and I'm just expectin' to see you sweepin' through the gates some day, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Jack wandered far away. But her prayers encompassed him, and he came home "after many days"—came home gladdening the hearts of those who had been watching his wayward steps, and had mingled their prayers with hers.

And so, ever since that eventful winter, Harold and Minnie

have gone on their way, seeing the Master's kingdom increasing, and the desire of His soul being satisfied. The world, their little world, counts them mad. But what care they? Their glad faces, and their happy voices, give clearest and brightest evidence of the reality of the old words they love to quote:—

"If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." For in His presence they find "fulness of joy," and at His right Hand, "pleasures for evermore."

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

In the lone, lone night, 'neath the silent sky
Where the stars were keeping their watch on high,
In the quiet fields, 'mid the pastures still
That lay 'neath the slope of Bethlehem's hill,
To a few poor shepherds the angels came,
Proclaiming the new-born Saviour's name.

The glorious song, and the thrilling word,
The wonderful tidings of Christ the Lord,
The message of love, and the tale of peace,
And the anthem of praise that shall never cease,
Were heard alone by the humble few,
While the sleepers in Bethlehem nothing knew.

The men whom the world might have passed in scorn
Were the first to welcome the Christmas morn;
The wise and the noble, the rich and the great,
The mightiest king on his throne of state,
The old and the young might have envied them—
The humble shepherds of Bethlehem!

'Tis not the full barn, nor the groaning board,
Nor the flaunting purse, nor the golden hoard,
Nor the dwelling of pomp, nor the name of pride,
Nor lands that are fertile and fair and wide,
Nor aught of the pleasures from this world born,
That can give the joy of the Christmas morn!

It is not vigour, nor youth, nor health,
Nor that which the heart counts richer wealth,
Not even the presence of those most dear,
The smile of affection, the look of cheer—
It is not earth's sunniest, purest ray—
That can give the true joy of Christmas Day!

Are you poor, or lonely, or weak, or sad?
Let the Christmas message make you glad!
Are you one whom the world counts of little worth?
For you is the joy of that wondrous birth;
The needy soul and the longing heart
In that gift of love have a glorious part!

Lay bare your heart to the heavenly light!
Be still, and gaze on the wondrous sight!
For you was the Saviour born this day,
For you He died, and He lives for aye;
And the King in His grace will ever come
Where a lowly heart can make Him room!

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

WONDROUS is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle*.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

DECEMBER is a dreary time of the year, unless the weather happens to be bright and frosty, or bright and mild; and taking the average of English winters, perhaps the latter rather predominates. Still, December brings Christmas and Christmas preparations, and they are and ought to be the most joyful of the year, at all events to the young. As we get older such festivals are full of memories, and the sad must predominate, but most folks feel a heart-warming at Christmas, and realise that

In life of others do we live,
And joy in all the joys we give.

Christmas is essentially the time for family gatherings, occasions when we like to be smart and look our best, for the pleasure of finding favour in the eyes of those we love, and are bound to by ties of relationship. Over-dressing is a great mistake at all times, and Christmas Day is the kind of occasion on which we wish to strike the happy medium. It is especially the children's day, when they sit down to dinner with their elders, and have goodies in the shape of dessert, and games, and as much fun as their friends can provide for them. A black silk or satin is perfection for such a time, with just a touch of scarlet in the fichu or at the neck, or in the caps of matrons who have taken to wearing them. It is not too dressy, but just dressy enough.

The cardinal and other shades of red that are so fashionable for young ladies' dresses are all that they require; and by way of a word to the wise, it is just as well to suggest that though we seldom hear French merino spoken of in these days, it still exists, and is made in the same colours as the popular cashmeres. But the latter are twilled only on one side, and the merinos are twilled on both, and they consequently cut and make up to better advantage, to say nothing of the possibility of turning them.

A great many of the newest and most elaborate dresses are being made with apron fronts, lace insertion and ribbon, or embroidery being let in so as to give the appearance of a bib, shoulder-straps, apron, skirt, and all, complete. There is also a new way of wearing sashes, very pretty for young girls and children, and particularly useful when one wishes to conceal the slightly soiled front of a dress. Put the sash round the waist as if you intended to tie it behind, and fix it in front with a small pin at top and bottom. Then merely cross it at the back and bring both ends in front again, folding each side down, at an angle, as in our illustration. Tie the ends loosely so that they fall on the front of the skirt, and thus you have a sort of waistcoat as well as a sash.

Astrachan is in high favour again for trimmings, and sometimes for entire jackets.



The cloth made in imitation of the lamb's-skin really looks quite as well as the skin itself, and is much easier to manipulate. It is not quite so warm, because, like all other woollen cloths, it is porous, and the real astrachan has as it were a lining of chamois leather.

Dark serge or cloth dresses are very much trimmed with gold braid, and fashion prefers a regular braided pattern to stripes or ready-made ornaments laid on. This is convenient for those who have more time than money at their disposal, as a plain dress at once becomes handsome if the collar, cuffs, revers, etc., are nicely braided.

A great deal of style is imparted to a dress if the full sleeves we mentioned last month have deep cuffs of darker velvet. Wristband is no longer an applicable word, for the depth of them has already doubled. A very nice effect on a black silk or cashmere dress is to have these cuffs of white silk, with three or four rows of black velvet half an inch wide running round them. A similar effect, which is rather more durable, is obtained by covering the white silk cuff with black lace. White ribbon that has lost its first freshness or has even been washed may be used in this manner.

A new way of making skirts is to have a gored central width and two side gores, and then set in the back of the skirt, which should be made on a foundation, with one deep flounce at the bottom and two puffs, the upper one sewn into the waist. The long, pointed tablier or drapery covers only the gored front, and is finished off at the sides with long loops of ribbon.

Soft silk or muslin squares make pretty vests if folded shawl fashion, with one point considerably shorter than the other. Then tack a double box pleat in the middle of the fold, turning the two ends under, and fasten to the neck of the dress. The lower point should be fastened down with a clasp or drawn under a waistband, and the upper point pulled on one side and tucked under.

We have been asked several times for a pattern of a child's warm coat, and give an illustration of a very simple one. It looks rather more stylish in a light fawn rough cloth, which does not catch the dirt so soon as a smooth one, and is therefore more serviceable.

The pattern of the apron and coat may be had by enclosing 6d. in stamps for each, to M. L., at the office of the MOTHERS' COMPANION. Patterns cannot be sent by return of post, though every effort will be made to dispatch them promptly.



INDEX

Advancement of Woman, The ...	89	Jones, Agnes Elizabeth. By Mrs.		Presence of the Lord, The ...	75
"A Very Present Help" ...	157	Henry Fawcett ...	152	Queen Victoria. By Mrs. Henry	
Beautiful Garments; or, Marjorie's		Keep a Brave Heart. By the Rev.		Fawcett ...	85
Mistress. By Lina Orman Cooper	173	Charles Courtenay, Author of		Readers, To Our ...	10
"Be of Good Cheer" ...	30	"Temperance Home Thrusts,"		Somerville, Mary. By Mrs. Henry	
Brontë, Charlotte and Emily. By		etc. ...	5	Fawcett ...	72
Mrs. Henry Fawcett ...	161	Keeping House for Mother; or,		Spring Cleaning. J. Mears ...	70
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. By		Mrs. Rawson's Children. By		"There shall be no night there."	
Mrs. Henry Fawcett ...	177	Edith C. Kenyon ...	9	By Mrs. G. E. Morton ...	127
Carpenter, Mary. By Mrs. Henry		Lamb, Mary. By Mrs. Henry		Time for Everything, A. Frances	
Fawcett ...	28	Fawcett ...	135	Epps ...	141
Dress and Dressmaking 15, 32, 48, 63, 79,		Lizzie's Choice. By Emma Leslie	91	Twilight Thoughts for Wives and	
96, 112, 128, 144, 159, 176, 187		Marion's Happy Thought. By		Mothers. J. E. Panton...	133
First Home, The ...	175	Edith C. Kenyon ...	43	"Under Suspicion." By M. M.	
Flowers, Sweet-scented ...	111	Martineau, Harriett. By Mrs.		Pollard ...	179
Food—Its Influence on Health. By		Henry Fawcett ...	105	Whitby Abbey. Jane S. Clarke ...	23
M. Shiel ...	170	Martin, Sarah, the Dressmaker		With Rigour; or, Marjorie's Mis-	
Fry, Elizabeth. By Mrs. Henry		and Prison Visitor of Yarmouth.		tress. By Lina Orman Cooper	125
Fawcett ...	6	By Mrs. Henry Fawcett ...	56	Woman's Pocket, A ...	155
Gardening as a Form of Exercise,		Medical Hints for the Seaside.		WOMEN OF OTHER COUNTRIES.	
On. By Mrs. Atkins, M.D. ...	52, 77	By Mrs. Atkins, M.D. ...	102, 116	By Jane S. Clarke. India ...	36
Garden, Out in the. By Eliza		Needlework. By the Editor.			
Clarke ...	110	Stocking-Mending ...	55		
GIRLS. By Sarah Tytler:—		Nightingale, Florence. By Mrs.			
I.—The Baby Girl ...	14	Henry Fawcett ...	122		
II.—A Little Maid of Three...	21	NOTES ON HEALTH. By Mrs.			
III.—The Small School Girl ...	46	Atkins, M.D.:—			
IV.—Sister and Brother ...	61	I.—Heredity. Part I. ...	11		
V.—Sisters ...	69	II.—" Part II. ...	25		
VI.—Mother and Daughter ...	93	III.—" Part III. ...	42		
VII.—Father and Daughter ...	108	IV.—How to Lessen the Ten-			
VIII.—Play and Holiday-time ...	119	dency to Hereditary			
IX.—The Choice of an Occupa-		Disease. I. ...	139		
tion ...	167	V.—How to Lessen the Ten-			
Health of the Household, The. M.		dency to Hereditary			
Shiel ...	90	Disease. II. ...	149		
Herschel, Caroline. By Mrs. Henry		One Winter's Night. By Annie			
Fawcett ...	33	Gray ...	184		
HOW TO FEED A FAMILY. By		Our Neighbour, Widow Yates. By			
I. L. Richmond 22, 45, 58, 78, 95, 100,		Grace Stebbing, Author of			
118, 143, 154, 171		"What a Man Soweth," "Win-			
In the Green Fields. By M. S.		ning an Empire," etc. 1, 17, 38, 49, 65,			
Haycraft ...	59	81, 97, 113, 129, 145, 165			
		Pit-brow Women, The. By Jane			
		S. Clarke ...	101		

POETRY.

After the Storm. Sarah Geraldina	
Stock ...	76
Christmas Cheer. Sarah Geraldina	
Stock ...	186
Comfort ...	20
Dark and Light. Sarah Geraldina	
Stock ...	16
Day by Day. Margaret Haycraft	142
Departed Summer, The ...	172
First Tangle, The. Anna Burn-	
ham ...	135
For Love's Sake ...	55
Hopes. J. E. Panton ...	25
Jubilee Carol, A. Margaret Scott	
Haycraft ...	13
Seeking. Sarah Geraldina Stock	41
Spinning. Helen Hunt Jackson...	156
True Wife, The. Whittier...	84

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S
Illustrated Yearly Volumes for 1887.

"All deserve to be classed with the sterling literature of the people, as entering heartily into their best interests, brightening their homes, and encouraging as well as pleasing their children."—*Daily Telegraph*.

ONE PENNY **THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.** MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN, WITH PAGES OF MUSIC AND INTERESTING STORIES.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY **THE INFANT'S MAGAZINE.** MONTHLY

FULL OF PICTURES, AND LARGE TYPE FOR MOTHERS TO TEACH THEIR INFANTS; MUSIC PAGES.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY **THE FRIENDLY VISITOR.** MONTHLY

PRINTED IN LARGE TYPE TO SUIT THE AGED AND OTHER CLASSES.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

SIXPENCE **THE WELCOME.** MONTHLY

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The YEARLY VOLUME, cloth, 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

ONE PENNY **THE FAMILY FRIEND.** MONTHLY

AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE, WITH MUSIC PAGES.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HALFPENNY **THE BAND OF MERCY.** MONTHLY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY PAPER TO TEACH THE YOUNG KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

TWOPENCE **THE ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY NEWS.** MONTHLY

A MONTHLY REPORT OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

The YEARLY VOLUME, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

ONE PENNY **THE BRITISH WORKMAN.** MONTHLY

AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER FOR PROMOTING THE HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

The YEARLY PART, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HALFPENNY **THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.** MONTHLY

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. WITH LARGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The YEARLY PART, coloured cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

ONE PENNY **THE MOTHERS' COMPANION.** MONTHLY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Nan; or, the Power of Love. By ELIZA F. POLLARD, author of "Avicé," "Hope Deferred," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Last of the Abbots. By Rev. A. BROWN. New edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Victoria, Queen and Empress. A Jubilee Memoir. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. Ninety-six pages, with thirteen full-page illustrations, in handsome cloth case. Thirtieth Thousand. Third edition.

Temperance Stories for the Young. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." With seven full-page engravings. Cloth extra. New edition.

Sweet Nancy. By L. T. MEADE, author of "Scamp and I," "A Band of Three," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet. Beautifully printed on toned paper, and fully illustrated with full-page and other engravings. Small 4to. Illustrated boards. Cloth extra, 2s.

Pets Abroad. By D. J. D., author of "Our Picture Book." Beautifully printed on toned paper, and fully illustrated with full-page and other engravings. Small 4to. Illustrated boards. Cloth extra, 2s.

Pretty Pictures for Tiny Pets. By JAMES WESTON. New edition. Beautifully printed on toned paper, and fully illustrated with full-page and other engravings. Small 4to. Illustrated boards. Cloth extra, 2s. Twentieth Thousand.

Rachel: The Little Captive Maid. From the German. By JULIE SUTTER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

How a Farthing Made a Fortune; or, "Honesty is the Best Policy." By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN. New Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Our Picture Book. With Descriptive Stories and Verses. Fifty Illustrations. Fcap. 4to, illustrated boards. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 2s. Twentieth Thousand.

Pictures and Stories of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. With Descriptive Stories by JAMES WESTON, author of "The Young Folk's Picture Book," "Bible Pictures and Stories," etc. Fifty Illustrations. Fcap. 4to, illustrated boards. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 2s.

A Flight with the Swallows; or, Little Dorothy's Dream. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of "Poppies and Pansies," "Silver Chimes," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Babes in the Basket; or, Daph and her Charges. With ten Illustrations. Cloth.

The Bethlehemites. From the German. By JULIE SUTTER. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Wait till it Blooms. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "Her Saddest Blessing," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Master Lionel, that Tiresome Child. By E. M. WATERWORTH, author of "Pictures, Prose, and Rhymes," etc. With six Illustrations by ROBERT BARNES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. New Edition.

Bible Pictures and Stories. By JAMES WESTON, author of "Dick's Holiday," etc. With forty-six beautiful full-page Illustrations by W. J. WEBB, Sir JOHN GILBERT, and others. Fcap. 4to, illustrated boards. Cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 2s. Fortieth Thousand.

Nan's Story. By L. SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Birdie and her Dog; and other Stories of Canine Sagacity. By Miss PHILLIPS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Cared For; or, the Orphan Wanderers. By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN, author of "Dick and his Donkey," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

Robert Moffat, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By DAVID J. DEANE, author of "Martin Luther the Reformer," "John Wicliffe," etc. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth extra.

William Carey, the Shoemaker who became a Missionary. By Rev. J. B. MYERS, Association Secretary, Baptist Missionary Society. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth extra.

Vincent Earl's Atonement. By WILLIAM J. LACEY, author of "Through Storm to Sunshine," etc. With full-page illustration. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

James Chalmers, Missionary and Explorer of Rarotonga and New Guinea. By WILLIAM ROBSON, of the London Missionary Society. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth.

A Sailor's Lass. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "The Gipsy Queen," "Dearer than Life," etc. Several Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Out of Step; or, the Broken Crystal. By C. M. CLARKE, author of "Polly's Petition," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Issy: A Story of Trust and Triumph. By LAURA McL. BACKLER. With Illustrations, cloth.

Hampered; or, the Hollister Family and their Trials. By A. K. DUNNING. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Down in the Valley. A Tale. By Lady HOPE, author of "Our Coffee Room," "A Red Brick Cottage," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Hours with Girls. By Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, author of "May Stanhope and her Friends," "Splendid Times," etc. With full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Ellerslie House. A Book for Boys. By EMMA LESLIE. With eight full-page Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Jack's Heroism. A Tale of Schoolboy Life. By EDITH C. KENYON. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

The Canal Boy who became President. Sixth Edition. Twentieth Thousand. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth.

The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

Three People. A Story of the Temperance Crusade in America. By PANSY. New Edition. Twelve full-page illustrations. 320 pages. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Dogs and their Doings. By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, author of "A History of British Birds," etc. Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth extra. New Edition.

Our Four-Footed Friends; or, the History of Manor Farm and the People and Animals there. By MARY HOWITT. With numerous illustrations. New Edition. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra.

Jack the Conqueror; or, Difficulties Overcome. By the author of "Dick and his Donkey." Cloth.

Birds and their Nests. By MARY HOWITT. New and cheaper Edition. Fully illustrated. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra.

Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. By the Rev. Dr. NEWTON. With numerous illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Low in a Low Place. By EMMA HORNIBROOK, author of "Borne Back," "Marvellous in our Eyes," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Edith Oswald; or, Living for Others. By JANE M. KIPPIN, author of "Aunt Margaret's Visits," etc. With illustrations. Cloth.

Hubert Ellerdale. A Tale of the Days of Wycliffe. By W. OAK RHIND. With illustrations. Cloth.

Teresa's Secret. By LAURA M. LANE, author of "Gentleman Verschoyle," "My Sister's Keeper," "A Dresden Romance," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE EACH.

Eaglehurst Towers. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of "Life's Aftermath," "In Colston's Days," "A Flight with the Swallows," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Strait Gate. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Mark Desborough's Vow," "The Better Part," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Queen Victoria: Scenes and Incidents in her Life and Reign. A Jubilee Volume. By THOMAS FREDERICK BALL. With Ninety-four illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. 70,000. Tenth Edition.

Clovie and Madge. A Tale. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY, author of "Our Daughters," "Found at Last," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated.

Her Two Sons. A Story for Young Men and Maidens. By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT, author of "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc. With illustrations by F. BARNARD, R. BARNES, and W. SMALL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Gipsy Queen. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "The Water Waifs," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated.

THREE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE EACH.

Born to Wander. A Boy's Book of Nomadic Adventures. By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., author of "Kenneth McAlpine," "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Halvard Halvorsen; or, the Avalanche. A Story from the Land of the Fjeld, Fjord, and Fos. By NELLIE CORNWALL. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Living it Down. By LAURA M. LANE, author of "My Lady Di," "Gentleman Verschoyle," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Hymn Writers and their Hymns. By Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. Third Edition. 392 pages. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Better Part. A Tale. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Grandmother's Child," "Aldersyde," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated.

Mark Desborough's Vow. A Tale. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Grandmother's Child," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated.

Kenneth McAlpine. A Tale of Mountain, Moorland, and Sea. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., author of "Aileen Aroon," "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird,'" etc. Profusely illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Her Saddest Blessing. A Tale. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "Aubert," "One Tiny Link," etc. With Six full-page Engravings by W. S. STACY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

Transito: A Story of Brazil. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, author of "Borne Back," "Marvellous in our Eyes," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Story of the Bible. Arranged in Simple Style for Young People. One Hundred illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra.

Edwin the Boy Outlaw; or, the Dawn of Freedom in England. By J. FREDERICK HODGETTS, late Professor and University Examiner at Moscow, author of "Older England," "England in the Middle Ages," "Harold the Boy Earl," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Ling-nam: Interior Views of Southern China, including Explorations in the Hitherto Untraversed Island of Hainan. By B. C. HENRY, A.M., author of "The Cross and the Dragon." With Three New Maps and many Original illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6/-

The Cross and the Dragon; or, Light in the Broad East. By the Rev. B. C. HENRY. Introduction by JOSEPH COOK, the Boston Lecturer. With illustrations. Large crown 8vo. Cloth extra, 6/-

The Dragon, Image, and Demon; or, the Three Religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Giving an Account of the Mythology, Idolatry, and Demonolatry of the Chinese. By the Rev. HAMPDEN C. DU BOSE, Fourteen Years a Missionary at Soochow. With 200 illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7/6

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S PENNY ILLUSTRATED ALMANACS FOR 1888

ARE NOW READY.

With costly Engravings and Letterpress. ONE PENNY each.

BRITISH WORKMAN ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac, with large Engravings, is intended for the walls of Workshops, Cottages, etc. The "Daily Text" is specially commended to the notice of working men and their wives.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC.

This beautifully Illustrated Sheet Almanac is designed for the walls of Day and Sunday-Schools, and for use by the Conductors of Bands of Hope.

ANIMAL'S FRIEND ALMANAC.

This Popular Sheet Almanac has been found very useful for the walls of Stables, Coachhouses, Farmsteads, etc. It has prevented cruelty, and promoted kindness to animals.

EVERYONE'S ALMANAC.

This Sixteen-Page Almanac, with Text for Daily Reference, many Engravings, Domestic Recipes, etc., is for family use.

BAND OF MERCY ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac is one of the organs of the Band of Mercy Societies for promoting amongst the young the practice of kindness to animals, and is intended for the walls of Schools, Nurseries, etc. Those friends who are interested in this good cause will aid it by presenting copies of this Almanac to Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, etc.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN ALMANAC AND CHRISTIAN'S TEXT-BOOK.

Containing a Text of Scripture for Each Day in the Year, arranged under a distinct subject for each Month; Original Hymns, choice extracts, etc.

ONE-THING-NEEDFUL ALMANAC.

A large-type Gospel Almanac, with much useful information.

THE PRETTY GIFT-BOOK SERIES.

Twelve Volumes (titles as under) containing forty-eight pages, with Illustrations on each page, bound in attractive paper boards. 3d. each.

My Pretty Picture Book.
Birdie's Picture Book.
Baby's Delight.
Mamma's Pretty Stories.

Tiny Tot's Treasure.
Papa's Present.
Pretty Bible Stories.
Baby's Bible Picture Book.

Ethel's Keepsake.
Out of School.
Pictures for Laughing Eyes.
Cheerful and Happy.

NINEPENCE EACH.

Ben Owen: A Lancashire Story. By JENNIE PERRETT. New Edition. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

A Boy's Friendship. By JESSE PAGE, author of "That Boy Bob," etc. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Little Mother. By MARGARET HAYCRAFT. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Grandmother's Child. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Mark Desborough's Vow," "The Better Part," etc. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

NEW SERIES OF SIXPENNY BOOKS.

8vo. 64 pages. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

"Each little tale is plentifully illustrated, and the stories are told in language which will especially commend itself to juvenile interests and tastes."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Surely never did the juvenile book-market see prettier sixpennyworths than these. Let them charm a million children."—*Sword and Trowel*.

Two Lilies, and other Stories. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

Only a Bunch of Cherries. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Dandy Jim. By the same author.

Dick's Schooldays. By JESSE PAGE.

Owen's Fortune. By Mrs. F. WEST.

Barker's Gardens. By JESSE PAGE.

Carlos, and What the Flowers Did.

Dottles and Carrle. By JESSE PAGE.

Donald's Charge. By HARRIET BOULTWOOD.

Leonard Franklin. By H. C. H. A.

Sybil and Her Live Snowball. By Mrs. BOWEN.

Snowdrops; or, Life from the Dead.

Maud's Visit to Sandybeach. By Mrs. WALLER.

Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN.

Brown Jacket and her Little Heathen; and other Stories.

Red Dave; or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" By M. S. MACRITCHIE.

That Boy Bob, and all about him. By JESSE PAGE.

Poppy. By M. S. MACRITCHIE.

The Silver Cup. By J. B. E.

"Vic:" The Autobiography of a Pomeranian Dog. By ALFRED C. FRYER, Ph.D., M.A.

Too Many Irons; and other Stories.

Lost in the Snow; or, The Kentish Fisherman. By Mrs. C. RIGG.

Friendless Bob: A Story of a Poor Boy and his Donkey.

"Come Home, Mother!" A Story for Mothers. By NELSIE BROOK.



LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINES
FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"All deserve to be classed with the sterling literature of the people, as entering heartily into their best interests, brightening their homes, and encouraging as well as pleasing their children."—*Daily Telegraph*.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Children's Friend.

Illustrated Magazine for children, with page of Music and interesting Stories.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Infants' Magazine.

Full of Pictures, and Large Type, for Mothers to teach their Infants; Music Page.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Friendly Visitor.

Printed in Large Type to suit the aged and other classes.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

The Band of Hope Review.

For Boys and Girls. With Large Illustrations.

The YEARLY PART, coloured cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

The Welcome.

A high-class Magazine written by popular authors, & illustrated by the best artists.

YEARLY VOLUME, cloth, 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Mothers' Companion.

A new Illustrated Monthly Magazine, containing Serial Stories, Articles by Popular Writers, and Papers on matters relating to Home Management.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The British Workman.

An Illustrated Paper for promoting the health, wealth, and happiness of the Working Classes.

The YEARLY PART, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Family Friend.

An Illustrated Paper for the Home, with Hints to Mothers, Music Page, &c.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.